

# THE "BLOOD OATH" HAS STAINED NEW YORK'S RECORDS RED.

## Hundreds of Murders Done Which the Police and Courts Are Helpless to Avenge.

"Tua longa perle vendetta!"  
"Long live the vendetta!"  
"Death to our enemies!"  
The stiletto is king.

More than two hundred times it has flashed on the air during the last few little Italy. Each time it has struck deep of the blood of the warring clans.

The vendetta is waged here to-day as fiercely as ever it was waged in blood-stained Sicily or in the dark and narrow streets of Naples.

Reports compiled by the District-Attorney show that in the last twelve months thirty-three indictments were found against Italians who had used the stiletto in the feud.

Of these thirty-three, seven were outright murders. The others escaped being murders merely because the victims of the knife were unusually strong.

A victim fell last Tuesday. He was Antonio Carna. In an indiscreet moment he had made love to another's sweetheart—the sweetheart of a member of a family against whom his own relations had sworn the oath of blood years before in Italy.

"Come, Tony, we will have a game of cards."

The invitation came from Pasquale Ferrari, Tony's "friend." They repaired to a dingy room on Mulberry street, where three other Italians were awaiting them. There were beer and cards. Soon fierce words were heard—by and by stifled cries. When the police came Carna was stretched bleeding and apparently lifeless on the floor.

"It's 'friend' Tony and the three other Italians had fled. The ambulance surgeon found that Carna had three ugly gashes in the left breast. Strange to say, the knives aimed for the heart had struck short. His face and head were gashed in a dozen places. But the man was not quite dead.

At the hospital he refused to say a word. It is a maxim: "Be respectful to officers of the law, but stand afar off."

And again: "The poor resort to force; fools resort to the law."

So Carna held his peace, and holds it to this day. By and by, when he is better, they will take him to the District-Attorney's office, and he will tell his story. But never the truth. He will pretend to be very fierce against Pasquale Ferrari, and Pasquale, who is in custody, will be indicted. But that will end the matter.

When it comes to the real Carna will have disappeared. He will probably be working a hundred or two hundred miles away on some railroad contract. Or if he is in the city, and the officers of the law hunt him down he will, when put on the stand against Ferrari, deny all knowledge of that enthralling attack on him.

The poor resort to force; fools resort to the law.

Carna will wait his chance; sooner or later Ferrari will feel the cold steel. That is better vengeance, according to the Sicilian idea, than the law. They have a very poor opinion of the law, and prefer to be their own judges and jury.

The "blood oath" is a dreadful thing. It has introduced a chapter from the eighteenth century romance into the history of New York City. It is never forgotten by the men who have sworn it, and instances are not scarce of such men have passed it to their sons, and even their children's sons, and they have not forgot-

ney's office. His experience has shown him that the Italians care nothing for the vengeance of the law. They prefer to abide by the vendetta.

"It is something absolutely paralyzing," Mr. O'Hare declared, "to see the way these people will stick together when they come face to face with justice in its true and legal form. They commit the grossest, most wilful and most mendacious perjury. Not

Francisco Damata, stabbed Antonio Dumati, dismissed.

Pasquale Etosina, stabbed John Tanquins, dismissed.

Dominico Experto, stabbed Pasquale Experto, dismissed.

Cecilia Farrada, stabbed Marc Forsola, dismissed.

Fabrizio Farri, stabbed Dominico Farri, dismissed.

Antonio Fuggetti, stabbed Nicola Vilas, acquitted.

Rosalia Fabri, stabbed Natali Tasconia, acquitted.

Domenica Farrar, stabbed Maria Ferrari, three years.

Annunzio Fuler, stabbed Vincenzo Amalgina, dismissed.

Gordon Raffali, stabbed Aubrian Stenkan, dismissed.

David Petioni, stabbed Ross Conquo, one year and eight months.

Grassi Esquerio, stabbed Michael Levenia, dismissed.

Frank Morano, stabbed Michael Boracio, dismissed.

Brasili Marlascole, stabbed Donati Achet, dismissed.

Tony Mori, stabbed Vincent Currie, acquitted.

Antonio Manando, stabbed Vincenzo, three months.

Antonio Maroldo, stabbed Michael Petri, dismissed.

John Nicolini, stabbed Michael Bufano, dismissed.

Peter Perdini, stabbed John J. Unlong, dismissed.

Letteno Petrolia, stabbed Philip Nedebehr, dismissed.

Frank Pasquale, stabbed Ben Diocetti, one month.

Nicola Parravella, stabbed Leonardo Lesnoti, acquitted.

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Jackonia Polenser, stabbed Pasquale Delcorriti, dismissed.

Pietro Pislomia, stabbed Salvatore Brosa, dismissed.

Pollemmedo Petro, stabbed Joseph Bergano, dismissed.

Anthony Papa, stabbed Beltrius Romano, dismissed.

Felice Peronto, stabbed Nuncio Procto, one year.

John Pironi, stabbed Luciano Lande, dismissed.

Louis Russo, stabbed Joseph Perezze, three years.

Giovanni Rognis, stabbed Antonio Sniase, acquitted.

Michael Ruffio, stabbed Lorenzo Ferrasun, dismissed.

Gio Rannalia, stabbed John Fiori, dismissed.

Pasquale Denderr, stabbed Victor Butti, dismissed.

Frank Sandoz, stabbed Rafael Bertal, acquitted.

Frank Saraceno, stabbed Nicola Boudimori, dismissed.

John Scarli, stabbed Domenico Picola, acquitted.

Michael Savvetti, stabbed Sabirli Rignola, dismissed.

Vincenzo Tangeloro, stabbed Charles Zamene, one year.

Whether this news awakened the old man he had for his wife, whether he suddenly decided to reform, or whether he had grown weary of Rosa, no one ever knew. But it was only a few weeks after he had talked with his old Naples acquaintance that he packed his bag and took a steamer for Italy. He deserted Rosa with as little ceremony as he had his wife years before.

But Rosa was a different sort of a woman from Vincenzo's mother. She was a hard-bitten, first-class, and in time she found another lover and went on, to all appearances, with the same old life. All of the love, however, that she had showered upon the man who had thrown her overboard to hate, she now poured out for one purpose—that of securing revenge. Her chance came much sooner than she expected.

After the lapse of a year or so Vincenzo suddenly reappeared in the Bend with his wife and children. He had returned in some extent and tried to honestly support his family. Vincenzo was a little nervous as to how Rosa would receive him, but she soon put him at rest. She met him with crafty, but smiling eyes, and bade him welcome. Vincenzo left her.

It was not very long after Vincenzo had gotten nicely settled that there was to be a christening in Rosa's home. A child had come to her and her lover, Leonardo La Rubbia, to clinch their relations. She took pains to see that the guests were all invited guests. She had chosen that day of all days for feeding fat her grudge, and by threats and cajoling had driven her lover to do her bidding.

Vincenzo and his wife were among the first to arrive. Rosa received them both with smiles and gentle words. "Perhaps Vincenzo had brought his wife with misgivings, but if so his fears were set at rest. Rosa was all politeness to the lover who had discarded her. Vincenzo was the merriest of all the merry throng. He was boisterously happy. He drank to the health of the child and its parents, and Rosa looked on and smiled.

Rosa herself was the picture of joy. Her hands were hidden under her apron, as if folded in the contentment of the hour. Unseen by Vincenzo she was holding her smiling lover in the crowd, shooting wistful glances at him out of the depths of her smiling eyes. He hung back, but the fond loved whenever he went near Vincenzo, never taking her eyes off him.

Finally her hour had come. Unseen by any of the merry guests, she drew from under her apron a revolver, loaded and cocked, and handed it to Leonardo.

When the merrymaking was at its highest and the laughter loudest, a shot was fired. There was a shriek and a scattering of the guests. They stretched dead at the feet of the discarded mistress, lay Vincenzo, Leonardo had taken his cue. Rosa was avenged.

The blood ever ran with blood, literally sometimes. Little Italy has had its share of assassination, but the "Bend" has been the scene of it. It did not mend matters much that its violence was restricted to the Sabbath. Restricted, it is perhaps hardly the word. Murder and vengeance engrossed them on Sunday, generally in a game of cards, when the men were home from work, but they did not stop there. The police heard that some one had been stabbed or shot. If he was badly enough hurt they fell in with him, and bore him to the hospital. In nine cases of ten their role ended there. The assassin was gone. To look for him was like looking for a needle in a haystack, and the same result usually attended the search. The man in the hospital clinched his teeth and said never a word.

"Fix him myself," he mumbled under the surgeon's knife, and that was the end of his testimony. His friends jabbered in their own tongue, but shook their heads when questioned by the police.

"We no understand English," they said. And when an interpreter was found they had suddenly lost their tongues. Their memories were utterly blank. This police turned them out in disgust and gave up the job.

Then some day, after weeks, perhaps, when the wounded man was out of the hospital or dead, they heard of another cutting. They knew that the man who had been fixed and the account squared, and the slate wiped clean with blood for another score.

They understood. They knew that the Mafia imposes absolute silence under the penalty of death. They knew also the cardinal rule of the Camorra was that its members must eschew the police as the Evil One. They were helpless. They are so to-day.

When they hear to-day in the Bend or in Little Italy of the blood-dripping in a fight for war in New York as in Palermo. Some times it is suggestive of the slaug of the Western metropolis. It puts its victim to sleep, meaning death. It puts its victim to sleep for a while, meaning a long life, yet in New York's slums of the Mafia who, being the weaker, nursed his vengeance fifteen long years, until at last his evil was caught by the police and condemned to death. "Then he petitioned the

## Italians Pursue the Fatal Vendetta as Remorselessly Here as They Ever Did in Naples.

Vincenzo Sileo, stabbed Rocco Damania, acquitted.

Michael Sull, stabbed Emanuel Chudwair, acquitted.

Joseph Solaki, stabbed Joseph Brunka, acquitted.

Joseph Sevvino, stabbed Joseph J. Antonio, dismissed.

Nicoll Stronoff, stabbed Pasquale Chiarotti, one year.

Angelo Sorri, stabbed August Marquati, dismissed.

Felice Stornio, stabbed Thomas Merrari, dismissed.

Valerio Benjarino, stabbed Frank Fuff, dismissed.

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This list does not furnish, by any manner of means, anything like an index to the real number of stabbing affairs, fatal and otherwise, that dash out with such constancy in the pursuit of the vendetta. These are simply the indicted cases. Hundreds of others never get farther than the police courts, because the prosecution's witness fails to appear. Hundreds never even get to the police courts.

The crimes committed in Baxter street make a long, black list, but the darkest, foulest, bloodiest of them all occurred at No. 12, Mulberry street, on October 18, 1891. It was a murder prompted by a woman's jealousy and a desire for revenge.

Vincenzo was a rather good-looking Neapolitan. He had a wife and children, but little assistance in their struggle for existence. He had a small shop in the place for him, and so, without mentioning the matter to his family, carrying little whether they lived or not, he had made Italy good-bye. He finally landed in the Bend, and it was not a great while before he found a good home. One of the laborers in Rosa Lubini. They took quarters in a tenement overlooking Battle alley, and lived together in apparent happiness, without out the ceremony of a marriage, for several years.

Vincenzo's wife and children in far away Italy had almost faded from his memory, when one of his townsmen in the Bend, a friend of his, told him that his wife and children were in the Bend, and he had been told by the woman he had so cruelly deserted that she had kept herself and her little ones alive, and how the latter had grown into bright, manly fellows, who had come bravely to their mother's support.

Whether this news awakened the old man he had for his wife, whether he suddenly decided to reform, or whether he had grown weary of Rosa, no one ever knew. But it was only a few weeks after he had talked with his old Naples acquaintance that he packed his bag and took a steamer for Italy. He deserted Rosa with as little ceremony as he had his wife years before.

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"In the Midst of the Merrymaking There Was a Shot, a Shriek, and the Guests Scattered."

long ago we had a man on trial here who was charged with assault in the first degree. His victim had not died was simply miraculously. We put the injured man on the stand, after he had been treated for months in the hospital, and there he was with the scars of the conflict all over his body. He had been shot through the breast, stabbed in two or three places, his face gashed and his skull fractured. And the result? When that fellow was sworn he declared that the defendant and he were perfectly good friends. The bullet wound, the witness swore, was inflicted by his own pistol, which he happened to have in his hand when he fell against the man on trial, who happened to have a knife in his hand, of course, to our infinite disgust, the case fell to the ground then and there. It was the customary experience. But in that particular instance, the circumstances having been more than usually aggravated, and the victim having had such a narrow escape from death, I determined that we would give these fellows a lesson. So, while the defendant was dismissed, we arrested the chief witness and had him indicted for perjury. But, bless your soul, what could we do with him? When the trial day came this fellow had twenty perjurers on hand, all of whom swore that the thing happened just as it had been told. It is like trying to carry water in a sieve to make an indictment hold in these Italian stabbing cases. When by some rare chance we do get a conviction, it is generally through the aid of some outside witnesses who happened to be present.

Here is the list, partially incomplete, of the work of the New York vendetta for less than a year. The names given are taken from the indictment book in the District Attorney's office, and are arranged in alphabetical order:

Antonio Avondella, stabbed Antonio Russe, convicted, sentenced for two years.

Tony Allfrano, stabbed John McKelly, acquitted.

Gasco Bassoli, stabbed Martino Botesa, acquitted.

Tony Chigarello, stabbed Tony Baracca, dismissed.

Frank Branzio, stabbed Emmanuel Di Conto, dismissed.

Giuseppe Bruno, stabbed Antonio Tizio, dismissed.

Tony Ronelli, stabbed Eugenio Tremann, acquitted.

Savato Bourto, stabbed Michael Bruennello, dismissed.

Francesco Bergiani, stabbed Joseph Ostello, acquitted.

Michael Baschi, stabbed Mitico Capallano, acquitted.

Baptiste Barviali, stabbed Louis Comidine, acquitted.

Vincenzo Bosta, stabbed Vincenzo Guito, dismissed.

Michael Bertano, stabbed Frank Alliso, acquitted.

Michael Borcia, stabbed Matteo Capobranco, acquitted.

Nicola Beriolini, stabbed Michael Derpino, dismissed.

Louis Benony, stabbed A. Cuzzani, dismissed.

P. Barolena, stabbed Alfonso Brano, pleaded guilty.

L. Ronasalia, stabbed H. Mull, dismissed.

Vitt Federal, stabbed James Lawrence, dismissed.

Joseph Peroni, stabbed Antonio Saquerra, two years six months.

Pasquale Pappapasta, stabbed Giuseppe de Benedetta, dismissed.

Giuseppe Pomilia, stabbed Nicola Berg, acquitted.

Salvini Parist, stabbed Louis Vega, one month.

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